



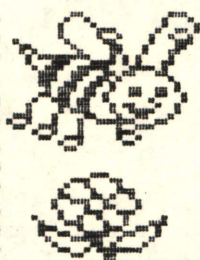
GHOST

TRACKERS

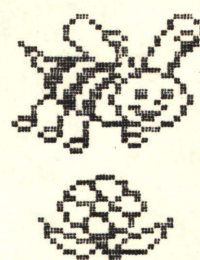
NEWSLETTER

VOL. 7, NO. 2

JUNE 1988



GRS



Editors page:

Looks like another glorious summer is almost upon us as temperatures are already on the rise in the Chicagoland area! With the approach of June, I will be touring England. In particular, London and the south and west portions including Lands' End. I hope to offer this special tour again next year for those who weren't able to make it this year. It should prove to be an interesting tour indeed!

With this issue we will begin another column entitled, The Celebrity Page. This will be open to all members of the GRS who have been in a newspaper or magazine of some sort. However, this column will be totally dependant on you, the reader, to help submit material. I already have stories from several members and they will appear in future installments of the newsletter.

A special thanks go out to: Antony Egan, Maurice Schwalm for their clippings donations, Evelyn Geras for her strange and unusual photograph which is still being analyzed and Tom Perrott, our London correspondence, for his never ending flow of information including clippings, photographs, "Gazeteer of British Ghosts" book and the recent arrival of maps of England and London which will be very useful during our tour of England.

This summer I am planning a number of controlled equipments for both photographing, tape recording and sensing ghosts at various locations. Anyone interested in helping with this research and would like to be a part of these experiments should contact me personally. Exact dates are not set.

Remember that your membership entitles you to a FREE book search for new and old books dealing with the occult in general. We will even look for old UFO books. When the book is found, we will mail you a postcard with the total price including postage and handling. At that time you must decide if you want it still. There is no obligation to buy. We have a large collection of old occult books ready for shipment now. For an updated list drop me a line.

COMING IN SPRING 1988

DISNEYLAND OF THE GODS

John A. Keel

John A. Keel is acknowledged as the foremost investigator into the unexplained and paranormal. *Disneyland of the Gods* is Keel's long-awaited addition to the best-selling works *The Mothman Prophecies* and *The Eighth Tower* shedding new light on such alternative realities as extraterrestrial visitations, astral projection, ley lines, strange archeological phenomena, abominable snowmen, Sasquatch, snallygasters and sea serpents. Humorous, provocative, enlightening, *Disneyland of the Gods* has won kudos from Colin Wilson (*The Outsider, Mysteries*) and many other leading writers and scientists.

ORDERING INFORMATION:

Please write to AMOK PRESS, P.O. Box 51, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276.

GHOST RESEARCH SOCIETY

We have been extremely busy recently in the writing field. I am putting the finishing touches on a chapter that I am writing for Sharon Jarvis' upcoming new book, "True Tales of the Unknown, Vol. 2". This book will be published in the latter part of this year or early next year. Plus I've had offers from other authors, some that I just could not find the time to get back to due to the overload. A free lance writer for Omni Magazine has contacted me about a possible story, the National Enquirer and two companys planning on producing videos on the subject of ghosts.

Besides that I have had radio interviews on WMRO from Aurora, Illinois, and WJNT from Jackson, Mississippi. There has also been the heavy flow of requests from high school and grammar school students for help with their reports on ghosts.

Since the last newsletter we have added 8 new members and have received renewals from 11 people. Welcome, one and all!! We are attempting to keep the costs of the newsletter down so we won't have to increase the subscription cost even though there was a recent postal hike. We still are among the lowest in subscription costs for such a publication! Help us out by renewing promptly so we will not have to send out second renewal reminders to you! This only cuts into the profits and makes the possibility of a subcription increase inevitable.

Welcome to Connie Lawson and Lester Mack, Jr. for their Sustaining Membership status and Mike Urban for his Contributing! These members receive many extras for their increased status. Write to me for additional details!

The newsletter of the quarter is Cosmic News put together by William Alexander Oribello. It's published bi-monthly and it's purpose is to make people aware of Mr. Oribello's work, provide a medium of communication for other Light-Workers and to offer a medium of networking for those offering metaphysical products that uplift humanity. For further information write to* William Alexander Oribello, PO Box 40083, Philadelphia, Pa. 19106 or call (215)236-0863.

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STRANGE ADVENTURE IN THE COUNTY OF CORNWALL

By

Tom Perrott

As many of you are no doubt aware, the County of Cornwall, situated at the extreme South West corner of England, is both one of the most romantic and mysterious of Counties. Steeped in the legends and traditions of times now forgotten, apart from being the reputed site of both the birth and death of King Arthur, it was also the setting for the flowering of the romantic love of Tristan for the fair Iseult. Cornwall even to this day still carries its visible traces of ancient and lost civilizations. The gaunt and grey menhirs and cromlechs, like miniature Stonehenges, bear witness to the fact that even in those times dating back to the Dawn of our civilization, man was something more than a mere savage clad in a big smile, a daub of woad and carrying a sling.

These very stones and trackways even to this day, exude a strange and mysterious atmosphere peculiar to themselves and it was in these surroundings that my friend David Thomas, leader of the newly-formed Cornish Group of A.S.S.A.P. (Association for the Scientific Study of Anomalous Phenomena) told me of the strange experience that befell him and his wife in a small bungalow in which they were living about fifteen years ago. The bungalow is situated in Porthowan, a small village on the North coast of Cornwall. It was somewhat isolated as it had to be reached along a gravel path, that led off the St. Agnes-Porthowan Road. The area around the dwelling was chest-high in gorse and the building itself was on a small road carved out of the hillside.

At that time David and his wife were short of the cash needed to purchase a house and rented properties were scarce in the area. They were pleased therefore to avail themselves of a Winter Let, as this particular accomodation was usually rented out to holidaymakers during the Summer months.

However permit me to allow David to tell his story in his own words.

"We were not overjoyed at the situation but at least we had somewhere to live. As you crossed the threshold there was a passage that led straight ahead to a very large kitchen and a living room off to the left and second bedroom off to the right. To get to the main bedroom you had to go through the kitchen and the door to the bedroom was on the right. At the far end of the kitchen was a door that led out to the back. As the area of the bungalow had been cut out of the rise you were confronted with a concrete wall some eight foot high, as you opened the back door. The outside toilet was to your left, as you walked through the back door and you could get through to the car park and eventually the front of the building this way. To be honest both my wife and I never did like the place but said nothing to each other. The place was always cold and damp and we felt that unseen eyes were watching us. At this time I had only an interest in the paranormal and did not want to alarm my wife any

further. One night in particular we were convinced that something un-natural was also present in the building.

We had gone to bed at midnight as was our usual habit. The ritual was that I went to the toilet first, to clear it of creepy crawlies, and waited outside for my wife with the torch. We undressed and got into bed, putting out the light as we did so. This took only a few minutes. Within a minute of the light going out, there came from the back of the bungalow, the most terrible and frightening scream I have ever heard. My wife and I were both petrified and our cat, who's habit was to sleep at the end of the bed, made a desperate dive for the safety of the bottom of our wardrobe. Whilst we were both taking in the noise we had heard, there were three loud bangs heard at the back door. I can remember it now, so loud and powerful were the knocks, that the door could be heard to rattle in its surround. Three times the door was struck. My wife suggested that I go and enquire but nothing on this earth would have persuaded me to leave the safety of my bed and the company of my wife, who was also very frightened indeed.

We knew that if anything had come down the road, we would have heard it. Even the cat could be heard sometimes coming home for supper. Also the gorse was so thick that nothing bigger than our cat could walk through it. In the morning we carefully opened the back door and discovered three distinct marks on it. The black paint had been chipped and had been retained in a small pool of last night's rainwater. We made delicate enquiries of our landlord after, who told us that the bungalow was built on the foundations of an old mine office. Also that some years ago the bungalow was let to some youngsters who had used the place as a drugs factory and were subsequently supplying the whole of Cornwall's drugs. The place was eventually raided by Scotland Yard and a burnt patch under the kitchen lino near the back door bears testament to this fact."

David tells me that this frightening story was no figment of his imagination but the very truth, as both he and his wife experienced it. Even this horrifying adventure did not stilt David's power of observation. Let us hope that he and his Group will be inspired to investigate even stranger things, in this fascinating area, where Time sometimes appears to stand still.

A STRANGE HAUNTING IN THE SCOTTISH BORDERS

By

Tom Perrott

As in so many parts of the British Isles, Scotland is particularly rich in its stories of hauntings and of dark and bloody deeds, the true origins of which have become lost and forgotten in the mists of time. There are at least 1200 castles in Scotland, some of which are still inhabited and some of which are mouldering ruins, brooding over their historic pasts in their solitude and isolation. I have recently been holidaying in this most delectable land, but nevertheless have kept my ears and eyes open for any murmurs of ghostly business. My efforts were rewarded when I visited the oldest inhabited house in Scotland, Traquair House in the County of Peeblesshire, close to the borders of Scotland and England. For the benefit of the purists among you, this is pronounced "Trah-queer".

Traquair House in parts dates back to the year 1107, when it was used as a Royal residence. Over the centuries it is believed that at least twenty-seven monarchs have set foot here, the last Royal personality being Bonnie Prince Charlie in 1745. The Laird of Traquair at that time vowed that the Main Gates should remain closed, until a Stuart once again occupied the throne of Great Britain and so they have remained shut ever since. Since 1478 the house has been in the hands of the Stuart family and it was the present Laird, Peter Maxwell Stuart, who told me the following story.

One evening in 1940 a worker on the Traquair estate named Andrew Brown, alleged that he had seen the figure of an elderly woman dressed in Victorian clothing walking in the grounds. His description was so detailed that the figure was quickly identified by older members of the staff as being that of a Lady Louisa Stuart, who died at Traquair in 1875, at the ripe old age of ninety-nine. At the time of the sighting there lived in the nearby village a very old lady, who had been Lady Louisa's dressmaker. When the ghost's costume was described to her in detail, she confirmed that she had in fact made such a dress for Lady Louisa.

Strange though it may seem in such an ancient house, no other ghostly sightings have been reported.

Peter Maxwell Stuart did take me into a bedroom, known as the Chintz Room, in the private part of the house, not open to the public, where he told me that certain guests sleeping there had on occasions complained of a feeling of unease. I myself could not sense anything at all on this occasion.

Peter Maxwell Stuart has very kindly promised to let me know, should Lady Louisa or any of her relations ever decide to walk again.

Tom Perrott, 93 The Avenue, Muswell Hill
London, N10 2QG, England, United Kingdom

THE FRIENDLY VISITOR

By

Rev. Maria D'Andrea

I have found that when you are on a psychic level, you are more open to "seeing" a ghost. Many times, children will see them more often, because they are not aware that they can NOT. As they get older, it might lessen due to other people letting them know in one form or another that it should not happen.

When my older son, Rick, was about four years old, he acquired a "friend". I would go past his room and hear one sided conversations. Or he would be in bed, and say good-night to me, and then to an unseen man. He could describe what this man looked like. Tall, friendly, darker hair and so on. He would always describe this man the same way. At four years old, unless they actually see someone, children tend to forget some of what they said. They would just say whatever came to them at the time.

Then he started talking to this man even if I was in the room, once in a while. First, my son asked questions. The first time he saw the man, he was trying to go to sleep. He called me into the room to ask why that man was in his room. Then he wanted to know why I didn't see him. He really did not understand me. At first he thought I was just playing, then he became confused. To him, this was as real as if one of his friends came over to play.

I asked him if he was scared, which he was not. And eventually he went to sleep. From then on, every now and then, the man would show up. Being on a psychic level helped considerably. I felt there must be a reason for this to happen, since it did not seem to be a frightening experience. So I started to get in the habit of putting up a white shield, saying that I now put up a shield of God's white light of Love, and Truth, and nothing negative or harmful can get in, only positive and good. This way, if the entity was negative, it would not be able to come anymore. However, it persisted. And my son did feel comfortable with this.

I would find that when he "talked" to this man, if you were in the room, you could feel there was someone there with you.

At one time, when my son was older, and in school, I realized this man did not come just when my son was there. I was walking through my livingroom, and as I passed through the middle of the room, I walked around a man who was standing in my way, and proceeded out of the room. As I entered the next room, I suddenly realized that I just walked around someone who was not there. It was not an uncomfortable feeling, but one more of surprise. It was also an intuitive feeling that it was the SAME man my son was "seeing".

Rick is now 19, and we haven't heard from this man for a few years. He did come back on and off through the years, so we really do not feel that we may never hear from him again. We just do not know. My son is a psychic, as is my eight year old, Rob. I feel that maybe this man is a help on that level, since

when a stressful situation comes up, he tends to also come at that time. Or when there might be a psychic surge or phase Rick is going through.

Whatever reason he is here for, I do get the feeling that it was his "choice", and he feels comfortable with it.

I find that there are many times that we really need to pay attention to what our children are saying, at all ages. It is also good to know that all GHOSTS are not negative or harmful. There are some spirits that are here to help, or guide. Remember there is a balance, negative and positive. In all things, including the spiritual realm.

Rev. Maria D'Andrea, 52 Libby Ave., Hicksville, NY. 11801

HAUNTED BOOKSHOP

Singapore Ghosts Have a Good Time - October 18th, 1985.

Singapore (Reuters News Agency) - The ghosts are doing well in Singapore, even if some of the living have fallen on hard times. Despite the island's economic recession, Singaporeans are still lavishing huge sums of money to ensure their dead have a good after-life. In a solemn ceremony at a Chinese temple recently, wealthy families treated about 100 dead relatives to a banquet costing \$100 a head - more than half the monthly wages of the average worker here. Paper effigies of the dead, dressed in colorful suits or bright floral dresses, sat motionless at the flower-decked dining tables. In front of them were bowls of fruit and Chinese delicacies. Outside the dining hall, a cheaper version of the three-day feast was conducted at 200 tables piled with food, candles and smouldering incense sticks. Instead of paper effigies, there were only placards inscribed with the names of the "guests".

The Festival of Hungry Ghosts is an annual event. But the spirit banquet is held only for those of the dead whose remains are kept at the ancient temple of Tse Tho Aum. According to the traditional Chinese belief - 77% of Singapore's 2.5 million people are Chinese - most of the dead go to hell, whose gates open every year during the seventh lunar month. Open-air puppet shows and traditional Chinese operas staged for the dead and their descendents go on for days before ending in grand feasts and auctions. Enterprising organizers have even introduced pop concerts to help the ghosts move with the times. Ancestor-worshippers also burn stacks of million dollar "Hell Bank" imitation banknotes to ensure the dead have enough cash in the other world. The ghosts are expected to reciprocate by helping those still on earth. Worshippers often seek the blessings of their ancestors in choosing winning number combinations for weekly lottery draws.

Some Singaporeans complain that the worship of the dead, which supports a small industry of paper and incense manufacturers, has become too much of a money-spinner. They say many of the auctions designed to raise funds for the following year's festivals, have turned into profit-making ventures for organizers who range from religious groups to enterprising individuals. Articles for sale include ceramic goddesses, candle holders and household utensils. The most sought-after item is the "Black Gold", a large piece of charcoal put on a special altar. Weighing almost two kilograms, it is said to bring good luck because it embodies the powers of the spirits. In auctions that can net up to \$23,000 in total, bids for the Black Gold may run as high as \$9,000.

W. Ritchie Benedict, #12 - 401 Grier Avenue N.E., Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2K 3T8

EGYPTIANS PUZZLED BY "MIRACLE" CHILD - March 24th, 1985

CAIRO (Canadian Press-Southam News) - In a dispatch by writer Duart Farquharson, it was learned that a puzzling mystery is baffling Egyptian authorities.

Mazloun Salah el-Din, is a tiny child who died a year ago. The chief prosecutor, an assortment of lawyers, policemen and relatives stared at the mentally retarded boy, dressed in red pants and a pajama top, who is said to be seven. The child lit up a king-sized cigarette, inhaled and smiled as Imad Husni the prosecutor asked "Where is your father?" Mazloun, who except for speaking a few words is dumb, pointed to the sky, then, or so it seemed, down to Salah Abdel Mu'izz Mohammed Shabana, a 38-year-old factory worker. The prosecutor nodded at a reporter. "The child consistently recognizes his parents, regardless of the circumstances", he had remarked earlier, making a major point about an unprecedented police investigation.

Mazloun died on March 12th, 1984, or so says his mother, the neighbors, a doctor who examined the cadaver and grave attendant who asserts he buried it in a shroud. On Wednesday, March 6th, 1985, Shebana and his 38-year-old wife Umm el-Saad arrived at the police station to present the boy they claim to be their son returned from the dead. They told police that two of their neighbors had recognized the child, dirty and bedraggled, wandering around Musassasa Square near the family home in the northern suburb of Shubra el-Kheima. Brought near the family's abode, the boy appeared to recognize it as his home, running toward it. He also recognized his brother, father and sister, embracing them. Several identifying scars on his body indicated that he is indeed Mazloun ("the innocent" in Arabic) Salah el-Din. The story of the mystery boy has baffled Egypt. The Moslem religious establishment is at pains to deny what an Egyptian Gazette news story called a "possibly spectacular and unprecedented supernatural phenomenon."

Commented Prof. el-Husseini about Farhar, a religious authority at Cairo's Al-Azhar University: "The age of miracles is over." The professor said there had been many instances of a person being taken for dead and buried when in fact he is still alive. The mistakes were discovered when the tombs were opened for additional burials and skeletons were found to be in upright, sitting positions. "This means the person awoke from a coma and tried to get out of the tomb. He failed to do so and died."

There are Egyptians who say Mazloun never died at all, but was abandoned by his mother and the subject of a criminal plot in which the doctor and graveyard attendant participated. Others say Mazloun died and the retarded boy who is alive is an imposter. The authorities appear to prefer the theory that the doctor made an honest mistake in certifying the death of a child with a previous history of falling into death-like unconsciousness. Still to be explained, if the boy was buried alive, is how he got out of the tomb with its heavy iron door bolted from the outside. He would have had to escape quickly, in a matter of hours rather than days, to survive the noxious

fumes and lack of oxygen in the 15-square-metre chamber filled with decaying bodies. And, if he did get out, where and how has the engaging, cross-eyed tot been living for the past year? If educated Egyptians refuse to entertain thoughts of resurrection, the tale has cult-creating potential in a gullible, largely illiterate society unless someone comes up with a reasonable explanation soon. "There's no question the mother and the neighbors believe it was a miracle," Imad Husni, the chief prosecutor of the so-far, crime-less case, said. The Shabana family lives in an unfinished shop in a neighborhood where the Third World metropolis collides with peasants toiling in fields between unfinished apartment buildings. Women wash clothes in a filthy canal, its banks are strewn with garbage. They carry bags of cement on their heads. Donkey carts still hold their own against the automobile. Major Sayed el-Hariri, the deputy police chief for the area, says there would have to be a very good reason for a poor family to claim a child that did not belong to it.

"If they did, they would choose a pretty child, not this one - not a sick child that is going to cost them money to look after."

Among the signs identifying Mazloun as genuine are his lack of a left testicle, said to be missing from birth, and scars received in a donkey cart and cooking oil accidents.

W. Ritchie Benedict, #12 - 401 Grier Avenue N.E., Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2K 3T8.

Demon-infested house hard to rent

A FRUSTRATED landlord is having a difficult time renting a house that was reported to be infested by demons.

The home, located in the small town of ~~West Chester, Pennsylvania~~, made national headlines in 1986 after its former owners, Jack and Janet Smurl, went public with tales of demonic torture that threatened their lives.

Family members claimed they had been dragged from bed, slapped, and viciously scratched by unseen hands.

The Smurls reportedly heard screams,

moans, snorting pigs, hoofbeats, and disembodied voices calling their names. Sometimes the smell of burning wood filled a closed room and other times a stench in the home became so thick, it nearly suffocated the family.

Household items were said to have disappeared, only to reappear days later in a pile on the floor. Black shadows — dark humanlike forms with distorted heads — were also said to have appeared.

Said owner Richard Bridle: "There is a stigma attached to the house. It's hurting me as far as renting the property."

3/15/88 Examiner

"GHOST HUNTERS DOGGERAL"

By

R. R. Russell

"There once was a Vicar of Borley,
His church was quite creepy and crawley,
Who one night with a Torch,
found a ghost in the Porch,
and it made him feel real, right Poorly!"

"When in the Rectory grounds,
You may hear most wondrous sounds,
As the Phantom Coach goes rumbling through the site,
Whilst a Hunchback in the trees,
Has a Black Cat on his knees,
and its Howling sends deep shivers through the night!"

"If you see the Phantom Nun,
There's no need to shout and run,
As she glides across the ground,
A novel twist!,
If you catch her unawares,
She only stands and stares,
or will vanish in a thrice
inside a mist!"

"The Bull Inn is spacious and Bright,
but it costs thirty pounds for one Night,
While the Ghost on the Stair,
sends a chill through the Air,
your bill gives a much bigger fright!"

"We made a thorough search,
of Borley and its church,
with Tape recorders, camera,
and a gun,
But the only thing we found,
Was a cold spot on the ground,
which whistled up your leg
and froze your bum!"

OPINION POLLS

Antony M. Egan of New York City, New York writes, "I think you should charge more. Your publication is of a much higher quality than the inferior periodicals that are available at the same price, or more, in some cases."

Jay Halloran from Huntsville, Alabama comments, "You asked for my comment, so you are going to get it. First, I agree with Andrew R. Jarett, Berwyn, Illinois in his comments in the 'Reader's Opinion Poll'. However, the main criticism is the rather juvenile ghost stories. Come on now, you are advertising your lectures on the supernatural. If the letters in the newsletter are typical of the content of your lectures, then they must be the most boring lectures. What are your stories like? Something that would titillate 'little old ladies' drinking tea and crumpets? My story I sent you is far above anything you have proffered so far. Like myself, there must be many interesting stories amongst the other members. All my life ghosts have appeared on a steady basis. Enclosed is another one. I have some more, plus, many more to come aborning. That's why I have just purchased a computer. Why don't you have a column just to members interpretation and meaning of ghosts. FATE has some good ones. Again, I agree with Andrew. Please be assured that I am anxious for the newsletter to succeed. All the harsh comments were directed for that reason. Ghosts have been important in my life. I don't treat the subject lightly. They have assisted me growing spiritually."

Joyce R. Hall of Sacramento, California says, "More stories on ghosts, famous and non-famous and ghost ships on the eastern seaboard around the South Carolina banks and the New England seaboard."



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DALE KACZMAREK



BOOK REVIEWS

The Mummy of Birchen Bower and Other True Ghost Stories by Harry Ludlam, (Published by: Cancoast Books Ltd., 90 Signet Drive, Unit 3, Weston, Ontario, M9L 1T5, Canada, 1985, 310 pages, \$21.95)

There is no ghost like a British ghost. Perhaps it is because the climate is suited to spectral visitation - rain, forgotten villages and fog all add to the potential. This book is a re-issue of actual case histories that originally appeared in 1966. All fifty-six stories document startling supernatural visitations that range from old monasteries to modern shops and aircraft plants. The title comes from the tale of Hannah Beswick who was mortally afraid of being buried alive after her brother John was dug up and revived. He had been in a poor state of health for years and when he went into a trance or coma everyone thought he was dead. Such a premature burial was more common in the 18th Century than it is today. In any case, when Hannah died at the age of 56 in 1758, she made arrangements with the family doctor to have herself mummified. Lacking any better location, the physician kept her in the case of a grandfather clock from which the face had been removed. Whether the indignity of this bothered her or not, it soon became apparent that her ghost was restless - it was observed in her former home of Birchen Bower as well as at the residence of Dr. White - the Priory. It was described as being a tall woman in a black silk gown with flashing eyes. The last known appearances were in a factory in 1956 that had been built on the site of her old estate.

This is just the beginning, and on subsequent pages you will encounter: the tall grey "thing" that lurks on the top of Ben Macdui in Scotland, the time warp that replayed the Battle of Edge Hill to agents of King Charles I in 1642, Roman warriors who march off into thin air, a headless lady who carries her murdered baby in her arms, the ghost of a leper who runs right through the observer and various monks, cavaliers and White and Grey Ladies. Many cases are well-known and pointed out to tourists, a prime example being the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London, where the appearances of the Man in Grey is believed to indicate a successful run for any play.

Some apparitions appear to be Video-tape re-runs of past events and may linger for centuries, while others show independence of consciousness to the point of laughing at jokes made in pubs. It is not only humans that haunt locations - even vehicles have been known to appear and disappear. In the old Queen Anne rectory at Ash, near Aldershot, the Rev. W.J. Blaikie in 1938 was amazed to see a stage coach and four clatter through his bedroom. After being jarred awake by the noise of a post horn and galloping horses, he stated; "I both saw and heard it quite distinctly - it was most realistic." The house was built on the site of an old coaching road.

Of more modern vintage is the 1933 Ghost Bus of Kensington to which an entire chapter is devoted. Another ghostly motor coach had put in an appearance at the site of an accident on

Garroway Hill in the fall of 1931. It would loom out of the night traveling silently at enormous speed. Two people were killed and twenty injured in the August accident. Both phantoms came close to causing new accidents.

A good ghost story does not date, and that is why much of the material is as timely as when it first happened. A prime example of this is the cowled figure photographed at the vicarage of Spreyton in 1932. A similar photograph was analysed by a computer for the British television program "Arthur C. Clarke's World of Mysterious Powers" and found to be authentic. In a sense, the earlier the photograph is the more likely it is to be real, if no evidence of fakery can be found as in the 1932 photograph. With all the technology we have today, it's becoming increasingly difficult to authenticate such photos.

I recall having read this book when it first appeared, and it is every bit as good as I remembered. It is more exciting than a mere collection of fiction, as every incident is factual. Every effort is made to provide detail, rather than some vaguely recalled anecdote of an appearance that happened to the wife of a cousin. As ghosts presumably exist in a timeless realm, it is quite likely that more than a few are still hanging around their stately (and not so-stately) homes, and it might be worth paying a visit to some of these locations, if you are ever in Great Britain. Great reading for thrills and for anyone who suspects there is a greater dimension to what we know as real.

Reviewed by:

W. Ritchie Benedict, #12 - 401 Grier Avenue N.E., Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2K 3T8.

Haunted Heartland by Beth Scott & Michael Norman (Warner Books, Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY., 10103, Stanton & Lee Publishers, Inc., 44 E. Mifflin Street On the Square, Madison, WI., 53703, 1986, 487 pages, \$3.95)

This fascinating and very informative book has something in it for both the dedicated ghost hunter and the lover of supernatural folk tales.

Included are classic cases of hauntings, possessions, spontaneous human combustion, psychic imprints, animal ghosts, death cars, poltergeists, ghost ships, levitations, disappearances, mystery lights, premonitory dreams, even a phantom funeral procession. Haunted Heartland is a cornucopia of ghostly legends of the American Midwest - though all of the stories are reported as true, while others are actually based upon the experiences of individuals.

The book's only flaw is that there are no firsthand investigations - the stories are all reported from a distance, thus it is at times difficult to know where to draw the line between myth and reality - and there are no photographs. Overall, though, this is an extremely enjoyable book and I highly recommend it. Rated: 8 on a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by:

Jon Mullin, Dallas, Texas.

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Old cemetery's mysterious lady

WE ASKED real-life ghostbuster Dale Kaczmarek of Chicago to tell us about his eeriest brush with the realm of the supernatural.

Kaczmarek is an investigator of the paranormal whose extensive experiences in the field qualify him as an expert on strange psychic phenomena.

Working with psychics and mediums, he has successfully "cleared" or "de-ghosted" dozens of haunts in the past two years alone.

"Perhaps one of the strangest cases I personally investigated took place in an old cemetery in the southwestern part of Missouri," Kaczmarek explained recently in an exclusive interview with the EXAMINER.

"First, you have to understand that I am more afraid in a dark Chicago alleyway than I am in a graveyard at midnight, so this was no big deal for me to go to this place alone.

Ghost

"I'd been told about a ghost that was said to drift through the area regularly, almost every night.

"Unfortunately, I arrived in town too late that evening to discuss the history of this particular haunt with the local police chief, who is apparently an expert on the history of this particular apparition.

"Because I was going to be in town only a short while, I decided to go right to the cemetery," he told us.

It was a beautiful, clear, summer evening, about seven p.m., when Dale entered the peaceful, wooded graveyard.

"The sun still had about an hour to go before it would set, it was 75 degrees and the



GHOSTBUSTER Dale Kaczmarek at tomb where lady appears.

humidity was low," Kaczmarek continued.

"These conditions are important to be aware of when you're discussing paranormal occurrences," he explained.

"Facing directly west into the still-bright sun, I began to shoot some pictures with my camera, just random shots," Dale said.

"Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, just above a gravestone near a tree, I spied something.

"I turned in time to watch as this strange mist began to form.

"Given the atmospheric conditions I just described, it was virtually impossible for ground fog to occur there at this time of day.

"Besides, the mist was moving much too fast, darting about the grave, to be fog.

Eerie mist

"I sat there gaping with my mouth wide open for a few seconds, then grabbed my camera.

"Immediately after I took the last picture, I put the camera down — in time to see this mist being sucked right into the ground before my eyes!

"It was as if a vacuum cleaner beneath the flat

tombstone had suddenly been switched on. In an instant the mist simply vanished beneath the earth."

When the infra-red camera film was developed, something interesting appeared.

"The area around the tree and that gravestone was bathed in a weird blue-and-

purple light. I've never seen that before on film, and no one at the professional photo lab could explain it either.

"It was positively unearthly.

"I've never been able to duplicate that fantastic color since," the investigator adds.

Was it the mysterious lady of the cemetery? Kaczmarek plans to return soon to find out.

Have you had an eerie experience with ghosts or other strange supernatural forces? If you have we would like to hear about it. Send your creepy tale to EXAMINER'S Ghost Editor, Cedar Square, 2112 S. Congress Ave., West Palm Beach, Florida 33406-7686. We will use the scariest and pay you \$25 for them.

— MARY ELLEN GREEN

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